

will bee, I shall haue so much experience for my paines ; And so, with no money at all, and a little more Wit, retorne againe to Venice.

*Iago.* How poore are they that haue not Patience? What wound did euer heale but by degrees? Thou know'st we worke by Wit, and not by Witchcraft And Wit depends on dilatory time: Dos't not go well? *Cassio* hath beaten thee, And thou by that small hurt hath casheer'd *Cassio*: Though other things grow faire against the Sun, Yet Fruites that blossome first, will first be ripe: Content thy selfe, a while. Introth 'tis Morning; Pleasure, and Action, make the houres seeme short. Retire thee, go where thou art Billited: Away, I say, thou shalt know more hereafter: Nay get thee gone. *Exit Rodrigo.*

Two things are to be done: My Wife must moue for *Cassio* to her Mistis: He set her on my selfe, a while, to draw the Moor apart, And bring him iumpe, when he may *Cassio* finde Soliciting his wife: I, that's the way: Dull not Deuice, by coldnesse, and delay. *Exit.*

### Actus Tertius. Scena Prima.

*Enter Cassio, Musicians, and Clowne.*

*Cassio.* Masters, play heere, I wil content your paines, Something that's briefe: and bid, goodmorrow General.

*Clo.* Why Masters, haue your Instruments bin in Naples, that they speake it h' Nose thus?

*Mus.* How Sir? how?

*Clo.* Are these I pray you, winde Instruments?

*Mus.* I marry are they sir.

*Clo.* Oh, thereby hangs a tale.

*Mus.* Whereby hangs a tale, sir?

*Clo.* Marry sir, by many a winde Instrument that I know. But Masters, heere's money for you: and the Generall so likes your Musick, that he desires you for loues sake to make no more noise with it.

*Mus.* Well Sir, we will not.

*Clo.* If you haue any Musicke that may not be heard, too't againe. But (as they say) to heare Musicke, the Generall do's not greatly care.

*Mus.* We haue none such, sir.

*Clo.* Then put vp your Pipes in your bagge, for He away. Go, vanish into ayre, away. *Exit Mus.*

*Cassio.* Dost thou heare me, mine honest Friend?

*Clo.* No, I heare not your honest Friend: I heare you.

*Cassio.* Prythee keepe vp thy Quilllets, ther's a poore peece of Gold for thee: if the Gentiewoman that attends the Generall be stirring, tell her, there's one *Cassio* entertains her a little fauour of Speech. Wilt thou do this?

*Clo.* She is stirring sir: if she will stirre hither, I shall seeme to notifie vnto her. *Exit Clo.*

*Enter Iago.*

In happy time, *Iago*.

*Iago.* You haue not bin a-bed then?

*Cassio.* Why no: the day had broke before we parted. I haue made bold (*Iago*) to send in to your wife:

My suite to her is, that she will to vertuous *Desdemona*

Procure me some acceffe.

*Iago.* He send her to you presently: And he deuise a meane to draw the Moore Out of the way, that your conuerse and businesse May be more free.

*Cassio.* I humbly thanke you for't. I neuer knew A Florentine more kinde, and honest. *Exit*

*Enter Emilia.*

*Emil.* Goodmorrow (good Lieutenant) I am forrie For your displeasure: but all will sure be well. The Generall and his wife are talking of it, And she speakes for you stoutly. The Moore replies, That he you hurt is of great Fame in Cyprus, And great Affinitie: and that in wholsome Wisedome He might not but refuse you. But he protests he loues you And needs no other Suitor, but his likings To bring you in againe.

*Cassio.* Yet I beseech you, If you thinke fit, or that it may be done, Giue me aduantage of some breefe Discourse With *Desdemona* alone.

*Emil.* Pray you come in: I will bestow you where you shall haue time, To speake your bosome freely.

*Cassio.* I am much bound to you.

### Scena Secunda.

*Enter Othello, Iago, and Gentlemen.*

*Oth.* These Letters giue (*Iago*) to the Pylot, And by him do my duties to the Senate: That done, I will be walking on the Workes, Repaire there to mee.

*Iago.* Well, my good Lord, He doo't.

*Oth.* This Fortification (Gentlemen) shall we see't? *Exit*

*Gent.* Well waite vpon your Lordship.

### Scena Tertia.

*Enter Desdemona, Cassio, and Emilia.*

*Des.* Be thou assur'd (good *Cassio*) I will do All my abilities in thy behalfe.

*Emil.* Good Madam do: I warrant it grieues my Husband,

As if the cause were his.

*Des.* Oh that's an honest Fellow, Do not doubt *Cassio* But I will haue my Lord, and you againe As friendly as you were.

*Cassio.* Bounteous Madam, What euer shall become of *Michael Cassio*, He's neuer any thing but your true Seruant.

*Des.* I know't: I thanke you: you do loue my Lord: You haue knowne him long, and be you well assur'd He shall in strangenesse stand no farther off, Then in a politique distance.

*Cassio.* I, but Lady, That policie may either last so long, Or feede vpon such nice and waterish diet, Or breede it selfe so out of Circumstances, That I being absent, and my place supply'd, My Generall will forget my Loue, and Seruice.

*Des.* Do not doubt that: before *Emilia* here,

I giue thee warrant of thy place. Assure thee, If I do vow a friendship, I'll performe it To the last Article. My Lord shall neuer rest, Ile watch him tame, and talke him out of patience: His Bed shall seeme a Schoole, his Boord a Shrift, Ile intermingle euery thing he do's With *Cassio's* suite: Therefore be merry *Cassio*, For thy Solicitor shall rather dye, Then giue thy cause away.

*Enter Othello, and Iago.*

*Emil.* Madam, heere comes my Lord.

*Cassio.* Madam, he take my leaue.

*Des.* Why stay, and heare me speake?

*Cassio.* Madam, not now: I am very ill at ease,

Vnto for mine owne purposes.

*Des.* Well, do your discretion.

*Iago.* Hah? I like not that.

*Oth.* What dost thou say?

*Iago.* Nothing my Lord; or if—I know not what.

*Oth.* Was not that *Cassio* parted from my wife?

*Iago.* *Cassio* my Lord? No sure, I cannot thinke it.

That he would steale away so guilty-like,

Seeing your comming.

*Oth.* I do beleue 'twas he.

*Des.* How now my Lord?

I haue bin talking with a Suitor heere,

A man that languishes in your displeasure.

*Oth.* Who is't you meane?

*Des.* Why your Lieutenant *Cassio*: Good my Lord,

If I haue any grace, or power to moue you,

His present reconciliation take.

For if he be not one, that truly loues you,

That erres in Ignorance, and not in Cunning,

I haue no iudgement in an honest face.

I prythee call him backe.

*Oth.* Went he hence now?

*Des.* I foorth; so humbled,

That he hath left part of his greefe with mee

To suffer with him. Good Loue, call him backe.

*Oth.* Not now (Sweet *Desdemona*) some other time.

*Des.* But shall't be shortly?

*Oth.* The sooner (Sweet) for you.

*Des.* Shall't be to night, at Supper?

*Oth.* No, not to night.

*Des.* To morrow Dinner then?

*Oth.* I shall not dine at home:

I meete the Capitaines at the Cittadell.

*Des.* Why then to morrow night, on Tuesday morne,

On Tuesday noone, or night; on Wednesday Morne,

I prythee name the time, but let it not

Exceed three dayes. In faith hee's penitent:

And yet his Trespasse, in our common reason

(Sae that they say the warres must make example)

Out of her best, is not almost a fault

T'encurre a priuate checke. When shall he come?

Tell me *Othello*. I wonder in my Soule

What you would aske me, that I should deny,

Or stand so man'ring on? What? *Michael Cassio*,

That came a wooing with you? and so many a time

(When I haue spoke of you dispraisingly)

Hath rane your part, to haue so much to do

To bring him in? Trust me, I could do much.

*Oth.* Prythee no more: Let him come when he will:

I will deny thee nothing.

*Des.* Why, this is not a Boone:

As thou